

queens, but a garden in the shape of a square, which, it is true, had no flowers, but a beautiful, well-kept lawn, and that piece of green garden looked wonderful amid those grey, massive walls, which, could they but speak, are able to tell the stories of many a century. A few benches were placed here and there and I sat down. I knew that the Abbey itself had once upon a time been a monastery, and guessed that this had been the convent garden. I imagined that I could see the tall figures of the monks leaving the dormitory, proceeding slowly over the sparkling lawn, and disappearing behind the little door to attend their early morning service.

Whenever I visited Westminster Abbey later on (I am glad to say I did that very often) I paid my homage first to the tombs, the old, old coronation chair, the famous stone beneath it, which is regarded as the stone on which Jacob had slept and dreamt his world-known dream, the Poets' Corner, and to countless other glorious things; after which I restrained no longer the sweet impatience of my heart, but slipped